

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

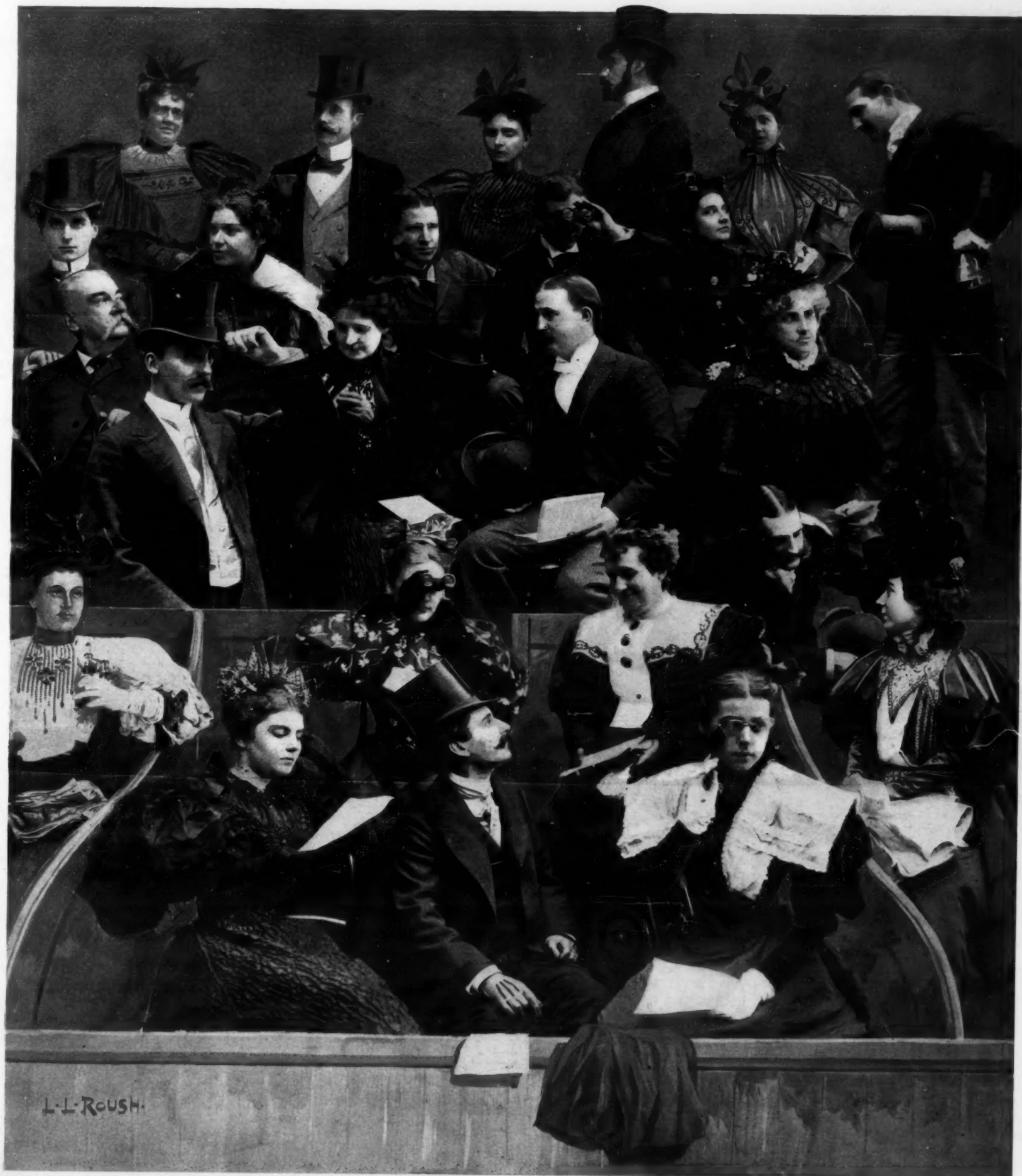
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L.L. ROUSH.

TO SEE AND BE SEEN.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 318.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

## Mistaken Leniency.



THE growing contempt of the vicious classes for the restraints of law, and the audacity which marks the perpetration of some forms of crime, are undoubtedly due to the mistaken leniency of officials who are charged with the execution of the penal statutes. This fact has been strikingly illustrated in this and others of our larger cities, where outrages upon the ballot, instead of being made odious by judicial fidelity to official obligations, have been actually encouraged by a clemency amounting to practical sympathy with the offenders. It has had illustration also in the utter failure of the courts to punish as they deserve individual and corporate frauds and embezzlements, and to enforce the penalties of the law in the case of excise violations, breaches of official trust, capitalistic and labor conspiracies, and many other forms of wrong-doing. Where the courts, or those in authority, fail to manifest a real abhorrence for crime; it cannot be otherwise than that it should become more and more defiant and aggressive.

Nowhere, perhaps, has this perversion of authority been more distinctly manifest than in the unwise use of the pardoning power by national and State executives. Not many years ago a notorious counterfeiter who had been captured, after a pursuit of years, tried, convicted, and sentenced, was deliberately pardoned by the President, and let loose to prosecute unmolested his pernicious work. A year or so ago, over in New Jersey, four persons who had ostentatiously defied the laws and amassed millions by their gambling practices on the notorious Guttenburg race-track, and after great difficulty had been convicted and sentenced, were pardoned outright through the influence of the Governor, who further signalized his contempt for official responsibility by securing the pardon of thirty or forty ballot-box stuffers who had for years kept in power, by their frauds, as infamous a gang of partisan malefactors as ever mocked at law. Illustrations of this vicious executive tendency to deal magnanimously instead of justly with public offenders might be multiplied indefinitely.

President Cleveland is not, in some respects, an ideal executive, but in this matter of maintaining the dignity and authority of the law where it is deliberately violated, he for the most part sets an example which is worthy of all commendation. While he does not hesitate to show mercy where an offender can present substantial evidence in extenuation of his offense, he as a rule refuses to arrest the course of justice in all cases of an opposite character. Some recent instances may be cited in proof of this statement. Among other applications for pardon laid before him by the law department of the government was one from a citizen of California who had been convicted of sending obscene articles through the mail. The President refused a pardon, basing his refusal on the ground that "the crime of which the prisoner was justly convicted is a dastardly one," and that as a matter of fact he deserved a severer punishment than the court had inflicted. In another case he refused to pardon a person who had been convicted of selling liquor to the Indians, because of the "dangerous effects" of this illicit traffic, and in yet another case—that of a postmaster who had embezzled government funds—he characterized the sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, with the addition of a fine of five hundred dollars, to be inadequate, and refused, peremptorily, to interpose his clemency. These may be considered as cases of minor importance, but they mark a tendency which is altogether wholesome.

There is no surer way of elevating the public service and establishing it upon a basis of integrity and capacity than by making dishonesty and incompetency odious. This can only be effectually done by a uniform enforcement of the penalties aimed at official delinquencies of whatever sort. Something has been undoubtedly gained, recently, in this and some other States, by the elevation of the standard of judicial equipment and such examples of conscientiousness in the use of authority as the President and some of our Governors have displayed in dealing with actual or intending violators of law; but we still have very much to accomplish in this direction, and the agitation for the quickening of public opinion in reference to the whole general subject must be prosecuted vigorously and unceasingly until the desired end is absolutely attained.

## A Curious Epidemic in England.

A curious epidemic has broken out in England. Almost every town with a duke or a lord living in its neighborhood has been beseeching his grace or his lordship to honor the town by becoming its mayor for a year. The

epidemic had its beginnings in Sheffield. Next year Sheffield is to have a state visit from the Queen, and in order that due dignity might be given to the occasion the municipality appealed to the Duke of Norfolk, who owns half the town, to accept the office of mayor. The duke is a busy man. He is postmaster-general in the Salisbury government, and is the unofficial spokesman of the Catholic Church in England in the House of Lords. He was, however, assured that he need not attend the meetings of the aldermen or try persons charged with being drunk and disorderly, at the police court. These duties usually fall upon the mayor, but, if the duke would only accept, the people of Sheffield assured him that they would see that there was a deputy mayor to preside over the aldermen and attend to the police court. On these terms the duke accepted.

As soon as it was known that Sheffield had thus captured a duke, Longton, a town in the grimy, black country of Staffordshire, set out on a similar search. Next year Longton is to be the scene of the Royal Agricultural Society's show, a gathering the Prince of Wales usually attends, and it struck the people of Longton that if Sheffield could secure a duke for the Queen's visit, they could secure one for the coming of the Prince of Wales. An appeal was accordingly made to the Duke of Sutherland. His grace was with the grouse in the Highlands at the time, but after three or four days' consideration he accepted on the same easy terms as those made at Sheffield for the Duke of Norfolk. Next the epidemic broke out at Rotherham. That it should break out there was natural, as Rotherham is less than a dozen miles from Sheffield. In this instance Lord Milton had municipal honors thrust upon him solely for the reason that he is heir to the Fitzwilliam property, on which a great part of the town of Rotherham stands. From Rotherham the epidemic spread to Ripon, another Yorkshire town. In this instance it seems to have been a case of finding work for the unemployed. Lord Ripon, who was besought to become the mayor, was at the head of the colonial department in the late Rosebery administration, and from June last has had a place on the list of unemployed English statesmen.

Since then the epidemic has broken out sporadically, and it is impossible to say where it will end. The ancient city of Carlisle thrust the honor on the Earl of Lonsdale; Appleby, also in the lake country, has secured Lord Hothfield; Crewe, the great railway centre in Cheshire, has made good its claims on the Earl of Crewe, who has been on the unemployed-statesmen list since, as Lord Houghton, he relinquished the Viceroyalty of Ireland in the Rosebery government. The last case on record is Liverpool, which has applied to the Earl of Derby to grace the city by becoming its mayor for the ensuing year.

## Women and Divorce Reform.



THE subject of divorce reform is more and more commanding the attention of thoughtful minds. The National Divorce Reform League has agitated the subject with such earnestness and vigor of purpose that twenty-three States have now appointed commissions on uniform legislation concerning divorce, and the possibilities of securing such a system are every year becoming more encouraging. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, however, that all legislation which has so far been had upon this subject has been one-sided; it has been, as one characterizes it, "one sex" legislation. So far not a single woman has been appointed as a member of any one of the commissions which are dealing with this subject. It certainly cannot be denied that the interest of women in this matter is supreme, nor can it very well be disputed that it is rather absurd than otherwise for one sex, sovereign as it is in the authority of citizenship, to undertake the settlement, on its own lines, of a question which most closely affects the other.

A paper read at the National Council of Women at Atlanta dwelt with emphasis upon this point. It cited the fact that statistics show that over sixty-eight per cent. of the divorces in this country during twenty years were initiated by wives who found their marriages unbearable; and it was insisted that to ignore women, either in the official study or legal settlement of the divorce question, must be regarded as unjust. With a view of quickening the interest of women in this question, and so affecting public opinion at large, a standing committee on divorce reform has been appointed by the National Council of Women. It will labor to secure the recognition of the equal rights of women and men in everything pertaining to divorce, and it will protest against hasty, wholesale, one-sided legislation in the pretended interests of reform. It proceeds upon the idea that "what the people need is fewer laws and fuller discussion concerning the real objects, duties, and responsibilities of marriage." The paper to which we have already referred concluded with the statement, which will scarcely be denied, that "the world is suffering from too much talk about the duties of motherhood, and quite too little about the duties of fatherhood. We need to hear, perhaps, not less about the moral purity of mothers, but certainly a great deal more on the moral purity requisite for fathers."

There is certainly a good deal of force in the insistence that in the formulation of laws as to this general subject

our Legislatures should avail themselves of the experience and suggestions of women who have either made a study of the subject, or who, out of their own conscious knowledge of the evils of ill-assorted marriages, may be able to contribute to a wise solution of the problem which cannot much longer be thrust aside.

## The Negro in South Carolina.

THE debates in the South Carolina Constitutional Convention over the proposition to disfranchise the blacks have been remarkable for the eloquence and ability displayed by representatives of the negro race. If the convention had not been altogether beyond the reach of argument, and wholly incapable of being moved by the power of eloquence, some of these speeches would certainly have produced a profound impression. A notable fact about all the utterances of these colored delegates is their absolute candor. They concede fully the unfitness of many of the blacks for the intelligent exercise of the elective franchise; but they maintain, on the other hand, that this disability is no fault of their own, and that it attaches to many of the whites just as fully as it does to themselves. "When suffrage was conferred upon the negro," said Mr. Whipper, one of the colored delegates, "he was not fit to exercise it; but there were many white men in the same condition. We were just out of the bondage of slavery and ignorance. You have had culture, you have had schools and colleges, all open to you. The doors of these have been closed to us. We concede your superiority; but it is little to boast of." The same speaker disclaimed any responsibility of the blacks for the misgovernment which brought so many evils upon the State during the reconstruction period. We quote a single extract:

"This convention, it is said, is called to prevent negro rule and establish white supremacy again. As a matter of fact, there never was any negro rule in South Carolina. When was there ever a time when we had a negro Governor? We never had a majority of negro officers at any time in this State. Indeed, there were only four colored men who ever held any of the State offices, and that was for a single term each. There never was a county in this State controlled by colored officers. In fact, all of the important officers, clerk of the court, sheriff, treasurer, auditors, throughout the whole State, with less than half a dozen exceptions, have been filled by white men. Does this look like negro rule? Even in the darkest hours of reconstruction, when the bad legislation led to the fall of the Republican party, white men held the offices, white men did the robberies, many of them Democrats of the deepest dye, who resped the rewards for their purchase of negroes. There never was a negro lobbyist parading the corridors of this house. They were white men, call them carpet-baggers, scalawags, renegades, what you will. They were white men, and are responsible for the bad legislation. Charge not this up to the account of the negro."

"This clear and concise statement very effectually exposes the absurdity of the Tillmanite pretense that South Carolina is, or ever has been, in danger of negro domination. But this exposure has not at all affected the result of the disfranchisement programme; that was assured when the convention was determined upon. The Charleston *News and Courier* states with apparent unconsciousness of the infamy of the declaration, just what that result will be, in these words: "We shall continue to count the colored male inhabitants in two ways. First, we shall count them as forming the basis of representation in Congress; and, second, we shall count them out as effective voting material at the polls by such technically legal means as will not bring us in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States."

## "The Unspeakable Turk."



IT is impossible to believe that the Christian Powers of Europe will much longer tolerate the savage and bloodthirsty policy of Turkey in dealing with the Armenians. The brutal atrocities to which this unfortunate people have been subjected in Constantinople, Trebizond, and in Armenia itself, are without parallel in modern history. In Constantinople some hundreds of them were killed for no other crime than that of organizing a procession to visit the Porte with an appeal for needed reforms. During the reign of terror instigated by the Softas, "all Armenians accessible were clubbed to death by the police, the very gas-tokers killing twenty-one of their Armenian comrades, the bodies were rapidly conveyed to the shore in government carts, and after some four hundred had been killed, such Armenians as were unable to barricade themselves fled to the churches and the Patriarchate for protection. So completely were the police of opinion that they were released from law that eight wounded and arrested Armenians, actually lying powerless in the Prefecture, were stabbed to death, the crime being witnessed by a dragoman of the Italian Embassy." At Trebizond and the adjoining villages nine hundred Armenians were massacred by the Turkish troops, and their houses burned. At Baiburt one hundred and fifty Armenians were killed by a Mussulman mob, who burned several of the victims at the stake, and subjected many women to the most horrible indignities; while from Erzingen, Ismid, Bitlis, and other points in Asiatic Turkey, reports are received of butcheries equally cruel and unprovoked.

How much longer can this state of affairs continue without intervention from without? In the nature of the case



the Armenians cannot hope to emancipate themselves, by any effort of their own, from the savage despotism which slays and tortures them at discretion. Uprisings will, indeed, now and then occur, and a revolutionary propaganda will be preached here and there, as is now being done in some localities of the Sultan's Asiatic domain, but these will all be in vain unless backed by some one or more of the Powers. Will they come to the relief of the ravaged people? Will they be content to accept the Sultan's promise to place all Armenians or Christians in Armenia under the guardianship of a commission appointed by them, and to introduce reforms in the administration of the country? Like promises have been made before and have been deliberately violated. It is not to be credited that the Powers will consent to be trifled with forever. The truth is that the Ottoman empire is through and through barbarian, and it must be controlled by force in the interests of civilization. Europe, as the London *Spectator* points out, cannot stop with a declaration of "the right of civilization to control barbarism"; it must go a step further and see that its will is obeyed. Such a policy might embroil all Europe, but it would make a final end of the Turk. For, even should the effort at control of Turkey on the part of the Powers fail, because of jealousies and diversity of interests, the partition of the empire would follow sooner or later. The *Spectator* voices the undoubted sentiment of the English people when it says on this point: "The one thing now left to be done is to warn the Sultan emphatically that the slaughter of Christians must be stopped by his soldiers, or that his empire will be thrown into the crucible of another Conference of Berlin, this time for the partition of the Ottoman dominions, and to carry out that warning inflexibly, and at once." How will Lord Salisbury meet the responsibility which events have thrust upon him in this connection? Will the fear of Russia and its prestige in the East, or concern for the rights of humanity, prove the controlling motive in the determination of his policy?

## \* MEN AND THINGS \*

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE mystery that hangs on the lips of Leonardo's Mona Lisa has baffled the curiosity of all the great Florentine's admirers since the time when he himself brought it as a gift to Francis, Premier. Inscrutably it "smiles and smiles again," full of meaning to satisfy the momentary mood of any questioner. If he be gay, it is the smile of gladness; if sad, it tells of tears; and again it is the leer of mordant mockery, but always fascinating, irresistible. Mona Lisa was the wife of Senor Francesco del Giocondo, a wealthy merchant of Florence, whose senile vanity led him to seek immortality vicariously, through the beauty of his young wife. He persuaded Leonardo, whose fame had spread throughout Italy, to paint her portrait. Before its completion the sittings were interrupted and the picture rejected. This much we have from Vasari, and from Leonardo's letters. The cause was never known. Leonardo journeyed to France, died there, and to-day Mona Lisa, imperturbable and sphinx-like, holds court to the world in the Louvre. Some super-subtle Frenchman, scenting romance from afar, and under the potent spell of that puzzling smile, has unearthed from old manuscripts and correspondence enough evidence to warrant the weaving of as romantic a tale as any of Boccaccio's. It can be found in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, and is worth reading.

At the autumn reunion of the members of the Grolier Club, not long ago, there was an interesting surprise in store for most of them in the complete transformation of the stiff little colonial grill-room into a Dutch "Tappery." Rough-hewn rafters, grimed and seasoned as if with smoke of decades, sanded floors, high-backed settees running close against the walls about the room, high little dormered windows with knobbed glass, the Dutchest of Dutch ovens, a time-worn cask on end (and on top), ancient, dusty demi-johns, a wine-pump and lanthorn, old clock, bird-cage and blunderbuss, rows of gleaming church-wardens and other rows of bluest "old India," with here and there a gleam of old pewter and brass, astonished the eyes of the bookworms as they raised the latch of the door and pushed into the room, dim with the light of tallow dips. Peter Stuyvesant himself might have been discovered there, quietly taking his schnapps with a group of friendly burgomasters, and no sense of incongruity would have obtruded. A whiff or two from the gritting clay between one's teeth completed the feeling of detachment, New York faded away and became some unreal, Utopian dream. Nieu Amsterdam was the place, and the ugly, black-coated figures, with gleaming shirt fronts, but fantastic anomalies. It is needless to say that the punch that evening was a rare brew and powerful.

I have but just finished reading "An Imaginative Man," by Mr. R. S. Hichens, the clever young Englishman who nurtured and gave to the world "A Green Carnation" last year. It is a glimpse at the mental processes of one of those products of modernity—extremely common now—who have

exhausted the mysteries of life at thirty-five, and to whom the problem of living out the balance of their lives presents enormous and appalling difficulties, principally of exertion and ennui. Fortunately this particular young man goes to Egypt and runs up against the Sphinx just at a time when he has made the discovery that his wife's soul is bare to him, and that thus the mystery which he had hoped to spend the remainder of his life in solving was like everything else—flat, stale, and unprofitable. The Sphinx saves him, though, from utter boredom, and makes existence at least bearable for him. There are other persons in the story, but they are queer, too, and only the poor, commonplace little wife escapes the tremendous analytical and psychological method of the author. The book is interesting, clever, and in parts brilliant. Chapter XIV., telling of the night expedition through the lees of Cairo, is stunning in its color, and vivid, horrible realism. Mr. Hichens is an imaginative man himself, and his work raises expectations.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### A District of Landed Estates.

EVER since colonial times New York's richest men have been ambitious to own large landed estates on the shores of the Hudson, and of late years this disposition has been particularly marked.

Every available acre within view of the river, from the northern boundary line of the city to Sing Sing, has been purchased by the money kings; and so it has come to pass that in a comparatively compact district—extending twenty miles north and south by two miles east and west—fortunes aggregating between five hundred and six hundred million dollars are represented.

A large proportion of this vast sum is held by a few individuals. Four great millionaires, who are identified with the Standard Oil Company, own estates at Tarrytown. They are John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, and R. E. Hopkins, whose combined fortunes amount to \$175,000,000. The heirs of Jay Gould are represented by "Lyndhurst," the family country-seat, and own property valued at \$80,000,000. "Charlton Hall," the country-seat of Mrs. David Dows, stands for a fortune of \$25,000,000, and "Glenview," the summer home of Mrs. John B. Trevor, for a fortune of \$30,000,000. Other great millionaires owning estates in the district are A. L. Barber, who is worth \$20,000,000; Charles L. Tiffany, \$15,000,000; John T. Terry, \$15,000,000; James B. Colgate, \$10,000,000; William H. Webb, \$10,000,000; Mr. and Mrs. William F. Cochran, \$10,000,000; and Warren B. Smith, \$10,000,000.

These fortunes represent a total of four hundred million dollars. Add to this the fortunes of such millionaires as H. Walter Webb, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Walston H. Brown, J. H. Whitehouse, General Samuel Thomas, J. Jennings McComb, F. O. Matthiessen, Heber R. Bishop, William M. Kingsland, Isaac Stern, Louis Stern, Mrs. Ellen J. Banker, and perhaps a dozen others, who own estates in the district, and a sum total considerably exceeding five hundred million dollars is reached.



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER'S MANSION.

The vast acquisitions of real estate in this locality by the great millionaires have led many to believe that with the concentration of wealth in a few hands which has characterized the history of the past thirty years there has arisen a disposition on the part of the rich to absorb land for the purpose of founding family estates to be handed down to future generations. But this view is scarcely tenable.

It should be remembered that the conditions governing land-holdings in this country are radically different from those that prevail in England. English land-holdings are generally productive. There is a considerable tenantry on every estate that brings in an annual revenue sufficient to maintain the property. In America land-

holdings are generally unproductive. To maintain them requires an enormous annual outlay. They are to be considered, therefore, as luxuries that can be safely enjoyed only by persons of vast wealth during their lifetime.

JOHN P. RITTER.

### Ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas.

IN a conversation which I had recently with Senator Gray of Delaware, he said that he hoped John James Ingalls of Kansas would succeed in his ambition to return to the



HONORABLE J. J. INGALLS.

Senate. Nothing could furnish better evidence of the personal regard in which Mr. Ingalls is held among public men who know him; for Mr. Ingalls is a bitter Republican partisan, and Mr. Gray is known widely as the defender on the Senate floor of the present Democratic administration. Those public men who know Mr. Ingalls personally, like him.

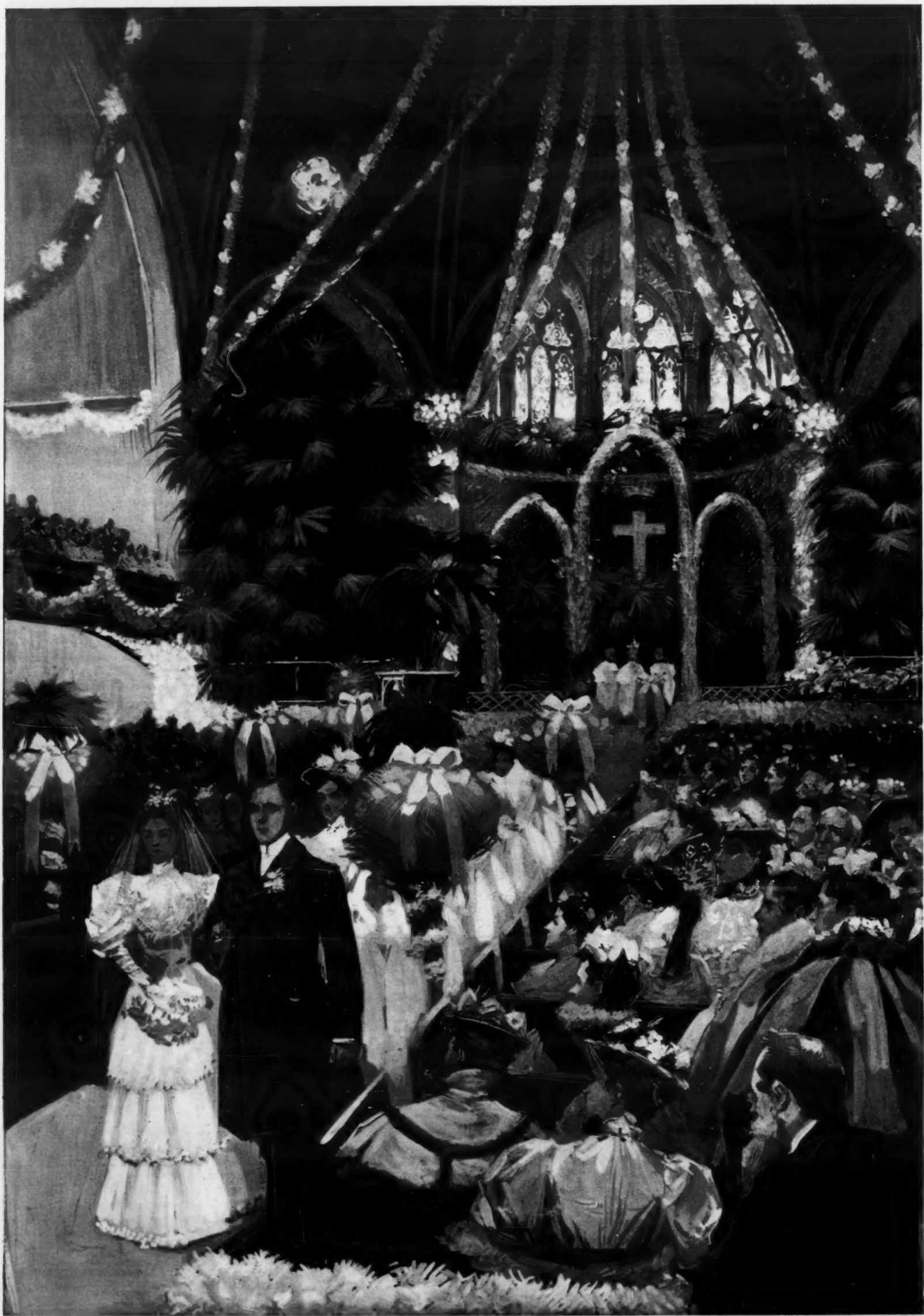
Nowhere has the famous Kansan warmer admirers than in his own household; and not all public men are heroes to their wives and children. To some one who had known Mr. Ingalls only in public life, Mrs. Ingalls said, enthusiastically, in my hearing: "Oh, but you should know him in his home. He is so different there!" Evidently Mrs. Ingalls believed that the world judged her husband by the bitterest of his public speeches.

Two of Mr. Ingalls's marked personal characteristics are his love of study and his faith in pedestrianism as an exercise. When he lived in Washington his gaunt, conspicuous figure was familiar to all who walked on Pennsylvania Avenue. His thin face and silver hair were no less singular than the long ulster and the high hat which he wore. He walked with a leisurely, steady stride, stopping at intervals to study the contents of a show-window. When

not walking or attending to public business, the Kansas Senator used to spend hours in his library, reading. He was a cormorant for books, and his reading taste was more largely for ancient than for modern literature. He has been a close student of our own political history, and he is familiar with the writings of most of the men who have taken a conspicuous part in it. He is a phrase-maker even in private conversation, and he seems to find keen enjoyment in the coining of a witticism at whosoever's expense. But he is never malicious, and half the bitter things he utters are said for the pleasure of saying them. Mr. Ingalls will find a host of friends and few enemies to greet him if he returns to Washington March 4th, 1897.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.





THE MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT WEDDING.

THE WEDDING PARTY LEAVING ST. THOMAS CHURCH, AFTER THE CEREMONY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH.  
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 318.]





"Marie was at work on a miniature of Robespierre when Jaffray arrived."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XXV.

LAROCHE SURPRISES HIS DAUGHTER AND JAFFRAY  
ELLICOTT.



"ES," said Marie Bruyset, "I went to the château yesterday. Monsieur Laroche's name and this little pass (showing a slip of official-looking paper) work miracles. I traveled in a military wagon. The barrier gate is rebuilt, but the barriers are guarded with much ceremony. Oh, yes, they are open; but for ordinary persons it is not easy to come and go. A patrol of the National Guard was bringing in some prisoners. It is a terrible business."

"It is, indeed," said Jaffray, his eyes intent on Marie's pale face.

"One of the guards—he is sentinel at the first entrance to the grounds—is a good man. He is the friend of Monsieur Joseph. I told you of him once before?"

"Yes," said Jaffray.

"I talked to him long in the shadow of the great pillar by

the gates with the tall coat-of-arms on the top. He had seen Joseph only the day before. The count and mademoiselle have fled. They were at St. Germain. Monsieur de la Galetierre is taken."

"Yes, I know. He is in the Conciergerie."

"He had only been married six months, his wife young and beautiful. She is with the family of Monsieur Bertin."

Marie had been at work on a miniature of Robespierre when Jaffray arrived. She was conscious of a certain mysterious surveillance. During her absence, on two occasions, she had observed that one or two of her papers and portraits had been misplaced, and there was the peculiar odor of tobacco or snuff in the atmosphere of her room. She was becoming careful and diplomatic; had set little traps for her visitor, supposing her suspicions were correct. Latterly she had laid in a sketch or two of notable Revolutionists, and she was working upon a likeness of Robespierre with something like feeling, for the physiognomical characteristics of the intellectual wire-puller of the Revolution had fascinated her artistic appreciation.

The half-finished portrait lay upon her knee as she sat by the

side of her painting-table, her feet upon a hassock, her eyes now and then turned toward Jaffray, who, with his face in his hands, was leaning with his elbows upon the table, watching every movement of the girl, her whole attitude an unconscious appeal to his admiration.

He was better dressed than heretofore: a brooch in his neckerchief, a richly embroidered vest, and a brown short-bodied coat with long skirts and wide blue lapels; his brown hair cut short and square across his forehead. His face was boyish as ever, but thinner; his cheeks inclined to hollowness, his gray eyes less bright than when Marie first made his acquaintance, but his manner more self-contained, his lips more firmly compressed; and he looked less like a foreigner, though his complexion was still fair—a marked contrast to Marie's.

"Monsieur Bertin is in hiding, and (here she turned to Jaffray and spoke almost in a whisper) Laroche is on the track of the count; and (in a lower whisper) Monsieur Joseph believes the count and mademoiselle are married. But that is his secret."

"Then they are happy," said Jaffray.



"Fugitives from death and happy!" said Marie.

"Yes," said Jaffray. "Why shall we not go and do likewise?"

"You never take things seriously," said the girl.

"I take my love for you seriously, Marie," said Jaffray, still gazing at her without moving.

"You will only talk about me when I want you to give your thoughts to persons of importance."

"You don't love me," said Jaffray, still without moving, but with his eyes steadily fixed upon her face.

"Yes, I do, dear," she said, stretching her left hand, which was nearest him, across the table. He did not notice the action, but went on looking at her, though he smiled and a heightened color came into his cheeks.

"Do you, really?" he said. "But only a little, eh? Just enough to swear by?"

"You have stolen from your duties in the very middle of the day, and at I know not what risks, to hear what I did at the château, and you do nothing but stare at me and say you love me. Jaffray, Jaffray! do you call this devotion to your friends who are in peril of their lives?"

She rose as she spoke, and, placing the miniature of Robespierre upon the table, looked down upon Jaffray, who only lifted his face a little higher to follow her eyes.

"They are married," said Jaffray, "and I envy him his peril."

"And what of her?"

"She loves him."

"And so that we were married, you would not mind the prison and the headsman to follow?"

"Not for myself," said Jaffray. "But for you, Marie, I would die a thousand deaths—or never see you again, if it were to spare you a moment's pain. Believe me!"

"I do believe you," she said, as he rose and took her into his arms, "my dear Jaffray."

"But don't you want to know any more about the château?" she said, presently.

They were now sitting side by side near the stove, for the day was chilly.

"Why, yes, of course, dear," said Jaffray. "Forgive my selfishness, if you can."

"I can forgive you anything," said the girl, laying her head upon his shoulder.

"In Spring Valley," said Jaffray, once more lapsing into his dreamy mood, "there was a white stream of water, and in the fall of the year the valley was red and golden with autumn leaves, rich as any of the colors on your palette—and such flowers! At noon, in the morning, and at night, everything was so still that it seemed as if the leaves whispered to each other, and the river crept along silently. Oh, such a place for love! I never thought so then, but I was a child. I often see it now, and with you and I, Marie, sitting at a cottage door."

Marie listened to him wonderingly, and found herself trying to realize the picture.

For a time he talked thus reminiscently; then suddenly rising to his feet and brushing his hair from his forehead, and with a smile that sunned his whole face, he said: "Ah, Marie, what am I talking about? Dreaming in the daytime! Always dreaming. But if one did not dream one could only go mad. Don't you dream, Marie?"

"Yes, dear; sometimes."

"My God! if I did not, Marie, I should go out and straightway shoot myself. You are my salvation. I went yesterday to the Conciergerie to see some prisoners and report to Monsieur Grébaud. Cherry Valley, with its dead and dying and its Indian scalpers, was summer weather to the hellish dens and dungeons, the cursing and laughing crowd, the filth, the stench; the women who are ladies insulted, and the women who are dissolute caressed; the everlasting tumbrils gathering their victims for the guillotine, so lately started, so bloody, Marie, so grim—continually fed like a machine. My God! it is awful! You rebuke me well, that I could dare to talk of love and dream of happiness."

He covered his face with his hands and paced the room, Marie following him with soothing words, until once more they sat down to talk, and she took up the thread of her news from the château.

"The duchess did nothing but weep. She called me her sister—was so humble it made me sad to see her; called herself citoyenne—would not hear of my addressing her even as madame. She says she is only a citoyenne of Paris, wears the Revolutionary colors, and has actually changed the furniture of her boudoir. The chairs and mirrors and ornaments of the Louis time are gone, and she is dressed more like a sansculotte than a duchess. Grébaud goes to see her. The house is in charge of the National Guard and a commissary of police. Madame la Duchesse desires the return of her daughter. She denounces the count; hopes she and the count will be taken, for all their sakes. Grébaud will marry mademoiselle, and give the count leave to emigrate."

say; this is the only solution of their troubles. I think she is demented."

"Poor soul! There are women in the Conciergerie who defy death, and accept every degradation with dignity. There are others who go crazy, and men who laugh and men who cry, Madame de Louvet has heard of the horrors that are going on."

Presently he took up Marie's picture and held it up before her with a critical eye.

"He is a lynx, this Robespierre. Cold, hard, refined—a mouth that might be benevolent if it were not cynical; a ferreting nose that searches, hunts, pries—it is more investigating than his watchful eyes; black, lank hair; his dyspeptic complexion becomes his polished devilry. You have caught the fiendish spirit of his soul, Marie; you feel all the time that you are painting a devil, do you not?"

"Hush, hush!" said Marie, clapping her soft hands over her mouth.

He promptly kissed them, as he said, "But why hush? Simon is under the Vendôme pillar, or was; and Laroche—"

That gentleman walked in on the word, as he might have done in a drama of surprises.

## XXVI.

LAROCHE'S DAUGHTER SURPRISES LAROCHE.

"SCARED you, eh?" said Laroche, in his sharp, sententious way.

Jaffray and Marie had been unable to conceal their surprise.

"It's an unfortunate way of mine," continued Laroche, taking Marie's face between his two large hands and kissing her on both cheeks.

"You are welcome," said Marie. "We are not scared—only surprised."

"Good-day, Monsieur Laroche," said Jaffray.

"Good-day to you, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, looking him mischievously in the face from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "You are a frequent visitor here?"

"Yes, Citizen Laroche," Jaffray replied, defiantly, having recovered his self-possession.

"Don't find much to occupy you in the chambers of Monsieur le Député et juge de la paix?"

"Plenty, Citizen Laroche," said Jaffray.

"I hoped to have found you at your post this morning. A report I had to make to monsieur the citizen Grébaud would have interested you," said Laroche.

"You found monsieur absent?"

"Yes," said Laroche; "but my report will keep. Meanwhile it goes to the police department of the Commune."

Laroche, in riding-boots, a whip in his hand, mud-stained breeches, and a cloak over his tight-fitting coat with its flaring lapels, stood in the middle of the room, first turning to one and then to the other.

"Have you seen Madame Laroche, my stepmother, since your return?" Marie asked.

"I came straight here," said Laroche. "Do you take an interest in Madame Laroche?"

"Is it not my duty?" asked Marie.

"How long is it since that made any difference?" he asked, with a snap of his thin lips.

"My friend, the citizen Ellicott, has frequently accepted madame my stepmother's hospitality."

"And found her most agreeable and kindly," said Jaffray, taking up the cue that Marie gave him.

"Convenient to the room of mademoiselle, my daughter?" said Laroche. "You knew she was my daughter?"

"I have always known it, Citizen Laroche."

"Did you know that she occupied herself in betraying the secrets of the national police to the enemies of France?"

"Father!" exclaimed Marie.

"No, monsieur, I did not. But I would lay my life on it, whatever she has done has been rightly done."

"You would?" said Laroche. "You may be put to the test."

"Father!" said Marie. "What do you mean?"

"You were at the Château Louvet yesterday?"

"Well, and why not?"

"You are the bearer of a message from the duke. Your conversation was overheard. It was a message to the Royalists of Paris."

"A message!" said Marie, scornfully. "Remember me to my friends; tell them I am a prisoner, but say the king will come to his own again when the sansculottes return to their gutter—a mere figure of speech. You cannot call a remark of that kind a message!"

"It has been reported as an act of treason," said Laroche.

"On mademoiselle's part?" asked Jaffray, quickly.

"Yes," said Laroche.

"But, father," said Marie, "I could not help it that the words were spoken."

"You could help hearing them," said Laroche, before she had finished her answer.

"How?"

"By remaining at home."

"I had business at the château."

"What business?"

"Oh, well, if you speak in that way," Marie answered, her eyes flashing. "I went to see the persecuted people and comfort them; to inquire after the count and mademoiselle, to express my sympathy, to hope they may defeat the wolves who howl for their blood. There, Monsieur Laroche, detective of the Revolutionary police, that is why I went to the Château de Louvet. Make the most of it!"

The customary *sang froid* of Laroche gave way before this outbreak. Jaffray, too, stood aghast at Marie's passionate confession. Marie was white to the lips. As she uttered her closing challenge—"Make the most of it"—she flung out her right arm contemptuously, as if morally striking Laroche in the face.

The officer of the secret police, after a pause, smiled in a grim, melancholy way, as he remarked: "That is how men and women matriculate for the knife in the Place de la Grève."

"Monsieur," said Jaffray, stepping forward and laying his hand upon Laroche's shoulder, "you forget that you are speaking to your daughter."

"She forgets that she is speaking to her father," said Laroche.

"No; she remembers," said Marie. "Is one's heart to wither and one's blood to become as water, because one's father is a sleuth-hound of the police, a dog, a coward, who has a heart but gives it away, a soul but lets others play with it, a love for his child that he consents to stifle and make naught of; because he is the creature of Robespierre, the ferret of Grébaud, the bogie of poor folk who happen to think their souls are their own and dare to say so? I would rather be the dirtiest sansculotte that dabbled hands in the blood of the martyred Swiss than such a thing, for other men to use and palter with!"

"My God, Marie!" exclaimed Jaffray; "desist. Oh, be still! You wrong your own heart in saying these things."

"Nay, Jaffray, do not touch me; it is time I spoke. I have been silent too long."

Laroche still stood in the centre of the room, without moving a muscle, except now and then for a nervous twitching of his mouth.

"It is because I know him," she went on, pausing to confront her father, but still speaking to Jaffray; "it is because I know that God gave him a good heart, it is because I know that he loves me, that he has a capacity for kindness, that his austerity is mostly put on, that he tears his heart in what he conceives to be sacrifices to duty which are sacrifices of his better nature; because I know that they flatter him at the Palais de Justice—the fiends who cut throats in the name of liberty and kill the church's priesthood to a murderous litany, with filthy rites and with wantons for priestesses."

"Marie, forbear!" said Jaffray, shocked to witness the passion and hear the wild words of the woman he loved.

"That is all I have to say, father," she said, flinging her arms down by her side, her voice gradually becoming tender. "Those are all the bitter words I can think of to let you know how I feel about the work you are doing. And now, call in your spies and have me taken away. But know that I shall die believing in the goodness of your heart this many a year, the sincerity of your remorse for the life you led my mother, and the truth of the love that lies deep in your breast for your most unhappy daughter."

Thereupon she rocked to and fro as though she would fall, and Laroche opening his arms, she fell into them, white as her linen cross-over.

"I am all you say," came from the trembling lips of Laroche, one by one, like drops of agony; "all, but not for myself—for France."

Then, suddenly looking down into her white face, he exclaimed: "Help, monsieur! Marie, what is it?"

"She has only fainted, I hope," said Jaffray.

"Let us carry her to her bed."

"I have seen women faint—and men," said Laroche, catching at his breath as one in pain; "but this is death."

"Nay, don't be alarmed," said Jaffray. "Let me draw the curtains and open the window; and here is water—permit me."

Jaffray sprinkled water in Marie's face and raised her to a sitting position, so that the wind from the window might reach her.

"Perhaps it were well that you called Madame Laroche," said Jaffray.

"I will not leave her," said Laroche.

He bathed her lips and kissed them; and presently his tears fell heavily upon her face. He had not wept so long as he could remember.

"My darling, my child!—my cruel child! My child—judge who condemns me, who calls me wolf and coward—Marie. Dieu! what shall I do if she is dead?"

The wind sighed in at the window, and the curtain flapped against his face. He started as if the hand of death had touched him.

"Have mercy, Jésus!" he said. "Mother of God, forgive me! Marie, it is true I love you. But oh, why will you run into danger? Why will you risk your life for your country's

enemies? You know better. I know that. Marie! My own Marie! Mon Dieu! she moves. Thank heaven, she is not dead!"

Then, with a sickening feeling, he turned aside to ask himself, "What will she say when she knows what I have done this day?"

Madame and Jaffray, who had gone to fetch her, entered the room.

"She lives," said Laroche.

"Marie!" said Jaffray, as she opened her eyes.

"My dear," said madame, a thick-lipped, round-faced, genial French good-wife, "my dear, let me lift you to a chair. Now, a little *eau-de-vie*," producing a small phial and pouring a little into a glass of water and administering it with a gentle, if fat, square hand.

Marie sipped the liquor, and looked around her with a vaguely inquiring expression in her eyes.

"You have been sick," said madame; "your father came upon you suddenly. He shouldn't, but he don't mean no harm; I know him. What has he been saying to you, my dear?"

"Nothing," said Marie, in a very low voice. "It is I who have been talking."

"Thank God, she is speaking!" said Laroche to himself. "But what will she say when she knows it all? I think I will go."

"You forgive me?" said Marie, looking at him.

"Yes," said Laroche; "it's the last time."

"The last time I will ever upbraid you? Yes, the very last."

"Whatever I do—or have done?"

"Yes," said Marie, "but—"

"No buts," said Laroche. "And this young man, does he desire to wed you?"

"I have asked her to permit me to speak to you upon the subject," said Jaffray.

"Not now; oh, not now," said Marie. "You did not know me then. Au revoir, Jaffray. I have a temper; it makes me mad, but come again to-morrow."

"As you wish, dear," said Jaffray, kissing her hand. "Bon jour, monsieur; bon jour, madame."

"Pardon, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche; "if Marie permits, I will meet you here to-morrow at this time. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, father," said Marie.

Jaffray bowed, and once more proceeded to take his leave.

## XXVII.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

"I WILL accompany you, citizen, my young friend," said Laroche. "I think we are walking the same way."

"To the Palais de Justice?"

"Yes," said Laroche, who saluted his wife and Marie, and followed Jaffray along the passage and down the staircase which Jaffray, on their first acquaintance, had traversed at a break-neck rate, that had not, however, saved him from the clutches of Simon the printer, now Simon no more, rival or Revolutionary, but a lump of clay bundled into a pit with many other lumps of useless flesh—sacrifices to a new tyranny that had risen up against an older despotism.

"Citizen," said Laroche, "friend I may call you, since you desire to become my son-in-law, do you think I have deserved my daughter's hard words?"

"She did not mean all she said."

"Do you think I deserved half she said?"

"Why, yes, I do; since you insist."

"Half?"

"I said half, Citizen Laroche; but I am sorry to condemn you."

"You condemn me?"

"I do."

"You are a foreigner; you don't know what it is to love France."

"I know what it is for men to make love of France an excuse for hatred of humanity."

"Duty is above all things," said Laroche, with compressed lips and his old sternness of manner.

"What is duty? To murder a man because he is not of your opinion?" said Jaffray, his frank face flushed as he turned upon the police official.

"If he is wrong and endangers the nation's safety it is not murder, Monsieur l'Anglais; it is justice."

"Very well," said Jaffray; "have it so. We shall never agree about that, Citizen Laroche, premier agent of the Revolutionary police."

"Have a care," said Laroche, suddenly laying his hand upon the young fellow's arm. "And you think I deserved her hard words?"

"I have said what I think."

"Do you think I love her?"

"Yes; so far as you are capable of loving anything."

"You despise me," said Laroche, suddenly.

"Beware! A wild beast loves its offspring, but—"

"It's a wild beast all the same, eh?" said Jaffray, with a reckless look that was not altogether well-judged.



They were now within the grim shadow of the Palais de Justice. Laroche drew him aside, in a niche of the Pont Neuf, close by the broken statue of Henri IV.

"Have you heard my daughter speak of one Mathilde Louvet, the daughter of Citoyenne Louvet, *ci-devant* duchess? You don't answer. You think I want information. I will tell you more than you know; and all you know, I know. I love my daughter like a wild beast, you say—"

"I did not say that, monsieur," replied Jaffray.

"No matter; it amounted to that. Judge, then, how much I sacrifice to duty and to France. Yesterday I lodged at the Abbaye, the Citoyenne Mathilde Louvet, *ci-devant* Countess Fournier."

"What?" exclaimed Jaffray, starting back. "They had been married two days before I arrested her and her husband."

"Fiend!" said Jaffray. "Your friend, the *ci-devant* count, Citizen Fournier, is in charge of the concierge of the Palais de Justice."

Jaffray turned his face helplessly toward the grim towers of the great prison.

"Country first," said Laroche, his face lighting up with a glow of pride that almost made it handsome spite of his fanaticism; "wife and child, love and home next. It was so in the great days of ancient Rome; France to-day is rivaling ancient Rome."

"In her worst days," said Jaffray, sick at heart, as he kept his eyes fixed upon the stony face of the Conciergerie, that might well have had Dante's inscription at the gates of the Inferno written in letters of blood across its grim entrance.

"Au revoir, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, still with something of the ecstasy of a hot fanaticism in the expression of his otherwise hard face. "We meet to-morrow; you will make my peace with Marie; your reward shall be my consent to her betrothal."

With no more words Laroche drew his cape about him, brushed the dust from his boots with the lash of his riding-whip, and with a firm and resolute gait walked toward the Palais de Justice.

Jaffray stood watching him with mingled feelings of indignation, sorrow, and amazement. His way to the Grébauval bureau was by a street that passed round at the back of the prison. He did not move until he had seen Laroche enter the gates leading to the Conciergerie, the sentinels on duty making way for him, and the crowd cheering him as his name was circulated among them—"the famous Laroche, of the Secret Police."

"Alas, poor de Fournier! unhappy countess!" said Jaffray, walking to his duties with bent head and tearful eyes. "It will break Marie's heart. I must see the count."

The thought of being able to render his secret friend some service quickened his footsteps.

(To be continued.)

## The American Consul in Paris.

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to witness a performance of "Mardo the Hunter" at Niblo's Garden Theatre in New York. It was one of those lurid melodramas so full of fascination to the gallery god, in which the killing of villains alternates with the elopement of heroines and virtue finally stalks out triumphant amid the frantic applause of the supers in the background at a quarter of a head. The hero of the play was Frank Frayne, who took the part of Mardo and brought down the house on divers occasions by cleaving potatoes and sundry other vegetables placed on the head of a fair young girl, with a ball from his trusty Winchester. Even this feat, however, was put in the shade by his outbreak of intense Americanism in the presence of the Czar Alexander at the Winter Palace.

The Czar was a tall and florid actor with a distinctly Irish accent, who paced the stage with much assumption of dignity and usually addressed his courtiers as slave, dog, or varlet. Mardo's appearance excited his fiercest passion, for Mardo had come to demand the release of an imprisoned fellow-countryman pining away in the dungeons of the Peter and Paul fortress. The Czar orders his interlocutor to depart, and even threatens to increase the severities of the prisoner's regimen. It is then that Mardo rises in his might, heaves his breast, and in an eloquent outburst warns the tyrant that if he "touch but one hair of the unfortunate man's head he (Mardo) will forthwith inform the American consul!" These words electrify the audience, and the house trembles with the violence of the applause. The effect on the Czar is still more pronounced, although in a different way. The ruthless potentate has been brought to his senses, his knees knock together with fear, and in quaking tones he begs Mardo to desist. Nay, impelled by a sense of the terrible conse-

quences that must ensue should America's representative be acquainted with the situation, he orders the immediate release of the pining prisoner, and the curtain goes down to the tune of "The Star-spangled Banner."

I have since visited many American consulates without finding anything to corroborate the exalted idea of a consul's power and dignity as elaborated by the author of "Mardo," and I was beginning to imagine that the latter held the exclusive monopoly to the same. A stay in Paris, however, involving occasional calls at our consulate on the Avenue de l'Opera satisfied me that he is, after all, not the only one to imagine a consul to be a sort of omnipotent being, capable of achieving most any result under the sun, providing, of course, the rights, liberties, or comforts of an American citizen are involved.

At the time of my visit, our consul in Paris was General Adam E. King, who was ably seconded by Vice-Consul Robert M. Hooper, an incumbent of the office for twenty years, and husband of the well-known writer, Lucy M. Hooper, since deceased. Both gentlemen are pictured in my illustration. In addition to attending to the legitimate duties of the office, they were constantly called upon to intervene in matters which concern them as little as the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama, and often of no importance whatever. On my very first visit I found an excited female in the consul-general's room, whom no argument could convince that it lay beyond that official's power to arrest and imprison her boarding-house keeper for retaining her trunk in conse-

round to half the stores in town before he could get any!"

As the consul remained obdurate the lady decided to give up the fight as a bad job, but as a parting shot declared she would report the matter at Washington. The consul heaved a sigh of relief when the door slammed behind her, and turning to me, remarked: "You must not think this is an isolated case. During the summer months, when the tide of American travel sets in toward Paris, we are kept busy explaining to people that the American consul's duties consist mainly in executing deeds, wills, and other legal papers, and not in brow-beating hotel keepers, railway companies, and other concerns with whom our tourists may engage in disputes. Some of these people have lost their luggage and imagine that we will spend all our time and money hunting it up. Others again think we have a fund for the benefit of impecunious Americans desirous of negotiating temporary loans, and feel highly aggrieved when they discover the contrary to be the case. Again, if a young blood from over the water finds himself a night lodger in the *violon*, or lock-up, as the result of a noisy debauch, he is surprised to discover that his case must follow the usual course in the courts, and that a word from the consul will not throw open the doors of his cell."

However, it must not be concluded from the preceding remarks that a consulship is exactly a sinecure. While the American consul can neither make the Czar tremble, nor rule the French republic with an iron hand, he is a



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE, PARIS.

quence of a misunderstanding as to the price of her board. The lady had taken a room in a pension, and being dissatisfied with the French table had ordered extras in the shape of oatmeal and pie for breakfast, and *café au lait* at dinner, served simultaneously with the soup. When the day of reckoning arrived she found these little extras on the bill, and refused to pay for them, arguing that they should be included in the price of her board. The keeper of the pension, however, insisted on payment, and threatened to retain the trunk as security for same.

The woman was herself to blame, since ordinary knowledge of French usage would have prevented any misunderstanding, but she was very much put out by the consul's refusal to interfere in the matter. "What in heaven's name are you here for?" she remarked, finally, losing patience. "Doesn't our government pay you an enormous salary to protect us from the exactions of these cormorants?"

"Not at all," remarked the consul, calmly. "We have as little to do with such matters as the man in the moon."

"That is not so," replied the lady, sharply; "if you were half a man you would come with me and make that boarding-house keeper give up my trunk, or else see that he is sent to jail. The idea that he should charge me extra for my oatmeal and pie pretext that he had to send

very important official in his way. In London, if anything, he is overworked, but there he does not mind it in the least, for his fees aggregate fifty thousand dollars a year. The Paris consulship is worth far less. The consul's busy season in the French capital begins at the end of winter and summer, when the invoices for the spring and fall trade make their appearance. Then, for a few weeks, the offices are overrun with shippers and merchants' clerks.

In addition to this, another source of income is found in the consul's frequent appointment as commissioner by the American courts to take testimony in matters involving litigation in this country, especially in divorce cases. Thus at the time of my stay in Paris the consul was looking forward to being called upon to act as commissioner in the celebrated Deacon suit, which subsequently came to an abrupt ending by a decree of the French courts. The business of the Paris consulate is increasing year by year, the number of American summer visitors to the French capital having already attained the significant figure of fifty thousand, and what with our constantly improving methods of communication between the Old World and the New, the near future will probably see a veritable annual Yankee migration on a stupendous scale to the fair city on the banks of the Seine.

V. GRIBAYDOFF.

## People Talked About.

—THE popular estimate of Hetty Green's fortune ranges from twenty million to one hundred million dollars, and probably the former figures are not far from the truth. Almost everything she has touched has turned into cash, but probably she has never made a luckier investment than when, in 1877, she foreclosed a mortgage for one hundred thousand dollars on some Chicago real estate. This property is now worth three million dollars at a conservative valuation. Nearly all the current stories of Mrs. Green's exceeding thrift have some basis of truth, though many are exaggerated. She once said, though, to a Brooklyn lady while passing Delmonico's: "Well, I've got my lunch in my pocket; where are you going to get yours?"

—Now that her honeymoon has reached its fullness, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs has come to New York and taken up her residence on one of the still eminently respectable streets that lead off of lower Fifth Avenue. Next to Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Riggs is probably the most popular woman in Maine, which was her early home. She still retains a quaint old-fashioned house in one of the country villages there, and continues to spend a part of the summer in it. While in New York she is busy with her duties in the Kindergarten Association, of which she is vice-president, and whenever she appears on the platform for a reading from her books it is before a most enthusiastic audience.

—Apropos of the current discussion about college men in literature, it is well to consider the achievements of Owen Wister, Charles F. Lummis, and Theodore Roosevelt, who are graduates of Harvard of the years 1882, 1881, and 1880 respectively, and who are all about thirty-five years old. Mr. Wister bids fair to become eminent through his tales of Western and Southwestern life. Mr. Lummis has done well on the outskirts of the same territory, and Mr. Roosevelt might have become a good historian if politics had not diverted his attention from literature. In an era of fewer printing-presses and less literary aspiration their work would have attracted much more attention than it has.

—Every year that passes seems to add juvenility to Dr. Edward Eggleston, who looks younger now than he did in 1885. Dr. Eggleston lives in New York, at the Chelsea, during the winter, and his summer home is at Joshua's Rock, on Lake George, where he is known as an enthusiastic yachtsman. His pen is profitable, but it is his novels rather than his historical works that yield him the best returns, and he finds it necessary to drop the latter pursuit occasionally to write a romance. No other of them has ever enjoyed the popularity of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which was the most hastily written of them all.

—The people of Randolph, Massachusetts, where Mary E. Wilkins lives, are not wholly pleased with the portrait she has painted of the town in her stories. They regard their town, which has four thousand inhabitants, as lively and active enough in a business way and bustling to be regarded as a city rather than as a country hamlet. There are altogether only three tracts of land within the township which might be called farms, and on one of these Miss Wilkins lives and develops the photographs of New England life which the natives think are "touched up" too much to be faithful.

—Zangwill is pictured as a man of the most charming personality. Outwardly he seems an ungainly man, homely, awkward, and careless in dress, but a more genial companion is rarely to be found. Although Mr. Zangwill's name has been familiar to the literary world for several years he is only thirty-two. An anecdote now going the rounds of the press, and based on his manner of signing his name—as "I. Zangwill"—relates the discomfiture of a lady who asked him what his Christian name was and received the response, "I have none."

—According to Bill Nye's autobiography, the humorist is forty-five years old, a native of Maine, and an adopted son of Wisconsin, Wyoming, and North Carolina, which have successively been his homes. He graduated from a farm into a law office, and subsequently into a newspaper office, where his success began with the development of the vein of humor that has been a very paying lead to him ever since.

—Few literary men have the polish of manner or the courteous dignity that gives charm to the personality of Richard Malcolm Johnston. Mr. Johnston is seventy-three years old, but tall and straight and as excellent an example as exists of the old-time Southern gentleman. His home of recent years has been in Baltimore, but he is a native Georgian, and the inimitable "cracker" dialect of his stories is the speech of his boyhood.

The elevation of Monsignor Satolli to the cardinalate, measured by the ordinary rule of service, comes at a period somewhat in advance of the usual time, and is recognized as a mark of approbation and appreciation by the Pope of his services in this country.





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## The "Kaffir" Speculation.

THE so-called Kaffir gold-mining boom will become historical as an important feature of the world-wide liquidation which has been going on ever since the Baring crash. These mines, located in South Africa, have been utilized as the basis of the formation of stock companies without number, whose shares, listed on all the great European exchanges, have within a few months figured in the most extraordinary speculation of this century. In England especially has the craze for Kaffirs turned the attention of investors from other stocks and securities, and it has also perceptibly influenced the American stock market, resulting in a greatly diminished foreign demand for "Americans," and seriously weakening the local buying, in anticipation of a general breaking-down of the Kaffir movement. The rush to buy Kaffir stocks has been encouraged by their frequent and large fluctuations, never less than 2½ per cent., and sometimes as high as 12½ per cent. Besides this inducement to those given to speculation is that of over half a hundred mines and development companies which have paid dividends of from 6 to 150 per cent. Doubtless in many cases these dividends have not been earned. Even more convincing has been the sharing of the output of the mines, which in 1894 was 2,024,000 ounces; in 1893, 1,478,000 ounces; and in 1892, 1,210,000 ounces. Owing to the cheapening of methods of gold extraction, whereas but 50 per cent. of the gold in the ore could formerly be taken out, nowadays from 80 to 85 per cent. is possible; at this rate it was capable of proof that the production in 1894, worth £7,500,000, yielded a profit of over £2,500,000, of which £1,580,000 was paid in dividends, the rest going for development. These figures apply to the Witwatersrand district, the chief centre of operations.

In the face of such statistics the Kaffir promoters had little difficulty in floating companies to work the mines. It was here that the artificial character of the Kaffir boom showed itself. Mines were "exploited" which had never struck a vein of gold, and whose only asset was some machinery and the doubtful prospects due to their situation in the gold district. Mines that had never panned out an ounce of the yellow metal were "grouped" with others that had, and the "amalgamation" or "reconstruction" was newly capitalized, boomed, and the stock bid up in sympathy with the general upward tendency. These "groups" and "amalgamations" were rarely under large capitalization, a small capitalization and a correspondingly small share being favored in order to catch the small investor, the man or woman with savings; and the design was rewarded with great success, both in England and in France and Germany. So many Germans bought Kaffirs, in fact, that the government sent to South Africa Dr. Schmeisser, an expert, whose report on the future of the mines was exceptionally favorable. The mine manipulators launched their own newspapers, and in other ways advertised their properties, sending their literature broadcast among the classes with money. The London newspapers have all had to devote special articles covering the Kaffir boom and answering questions for anxious Kaffir speculators. The number of these companies can only be guessed at. Some of them have lived but for a day and were then swallowed up in some promising re-grouping. In many cases the market value of a stock has been at a premium of 500 per cent. The shares of the Rand Mines, Limited, one of the most important groups, were quoted one day at forty-three and a half times their face value. This inflation has characterized the entire list, so that the total capitalized value of £60,000,000 of all the South African companies swelled to a market valuation of £300,000,000, an average premium of 500 per cent.

The precarious character of all such investments seems not to have occurred to the purchasers of Kaffirs. Their feverish desire was not unlike that of the miner who has found his first nugget and works night and day, digging with the frenzied zeal that is born of the intoxication of new-found fortune. It mattered not that conservative English papers warned their readers that disaster was inevitable. In reply the Kaffir manipulators submitted the report on the mines of Mr. Hamilton Smith, an engineer whose conclusions were published in the London Times. He agreed with Dr. Schmeisser in estimating the value of the gold yet unmined at between three hundred million and three hundred and fifty million pounds. Other experts have put the figure even higher. The gold-bearing formations are believed to exist down to a depth of over twelve hundred feet; in some cases to twenty-five hundred feet. This is in keeping with the theory that the gold district was ages ago the bottom of a sea where gold was deposited as sediment, whose outcroppings extend in practically unbroken reefs of great auriferous richness. What are known as "deep-level" companies are at work exploring

these reefs at great depth, the belief of the promoters being that the deeper the level the richer the yield. It remains to be seen whether they will not, in these big holes in the ground, dig their own graves as well as those of their confiding English backers. Meanwhile there is a steady output all through the South African region; twenty-seven hundred stamps are merrily crushing the rock, fifty thousand native and eight thousand European diggers are at work, and the Kaffir gold kings are bullying the European markets and trying to avert the growing tendency to bring the Kaffir stocks down to something like a reasonable asking price.

Of these Kaffir kings the most conspicuous, the richest, and in all respects the most interesting, is "Barney" Barnato. His fortune is estimated at from one hundred million dollars to two or even three times that figure. His career affords another conspicuous example of how, in this *fin de siècle* age, a combination of fortuitous circumstances makes some men successful far beyond either their deserts or their abilities. Barnato, now one of the ten richest men in the world, was in youth a Whitechapel street arab; later he was a dealer in second-hand clothing, a street fakir, a juggler in a circus, and not ten years ago he was a notable street feature of Kimberley, in the South African diamond fields. With thousands of other soldiers of fortune Barnato explored the diamond mines



MR. "BARNEY" BARNATO.

at that time. One day he struck a bonanza. Exploring some claims which the rest of the miners decided to have been worked out, he picked out a thirty-carat stone, pegged out all the neighboring claims in his own name, sold them piecemeal at enormous profit, and cleared, from this single discovery, over one million pounds. He is to-day one of the largest stockholders in the De Beers syndicate, which controls all the diamond mines.

In the Johannesburg gold district Barnato bought claims from miners who could not afford to work them; many of these were enormously profitable, and he rapidly came to the front as the luckiest mine-owner of the day. His rapid gains gave him a place among the Kaffir gold kings, of whom none is to-day any richer, not excepting Cecil Rhodes. The ex-Whitechapel Croesus arrived three years ago in London, and has figured as the leader in all the big operations which have characterized the recent speculation. Mining and development companies which he organized became known as "Barnato" companies; there were "Barnato stocks" and "Barnato groups," and finally a "Barnato bank," with a nominal capital of two million five hundred thousand pounds, and shares at one pound each. So powerful was the magic name of Barnato that these shares at the opening were within an hour bid up to three hundred and four hundred per cent. premium, and the rush to buy them was unprecedented. At the first "settlement" day, when there was doubt of the ability of stockholders to carry their shares, Barnato supported the market by announcing that

he would lend ten million pounds on stocks in which he was interested. Barnato is building a fine house in Piccadilly, and has social aspirations in spite of the fact that he has been black-balled in the London clubs.

## The Eleventh Horse Show.

EACH year the exhibition of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden becomes more of an event. And its importance as a dual function advances on each of its sides alike. Now and again, because of the social importance of the show, writers for the press show an inclination to belittle its importance as a sporting event. But this attitude cannot be successfully maintained. Nor can the opposite view be successfully upheld, for it cannot be proved that it is a horse show pure and simple, and that the crowds that fill the Garden are attracted there by the horse alone. No; it is a show of people and a show of horses, and the bipeds and the quadrupeds assist each other in making the first fashionable gathering of the autumn season in New York. Indeed, it may be said with entire truth that the social season in New York opens with the horse show each November. When the days begin to shorten in September there are frequent inquiries by those who are in the country: "When do you go back to town?" "Oh, we shall go back in time for the horse show," is the very frequent response. Plans, therefore, plans involving the transference of great establishments from country to town, are made with reference to the opening of this attractive and very fashionable gathering.

These plans, however, do not, so far as the women are concerned, merely involve the ordering that one house shall be closed and another opened, but other serious preparations as to what these lovely creatures shall array themselves in, afternoon by afternoon and evening by evening. To simple folk, who have a new frock or two each season and who count that there are only two seasons in the year—winter and summer, all these vast preparations seem rather silly and unnecessary. But they are not; they are not even wasteful. On the contrary, what seems like extravagance, as a rule is a most beneficial transference of surplus wealth from a few overflowing pockets to the comparatively empty pockets of many working men and women. Cross and cynical persons scoff in disapproval of the fashionable gayeties which require great expense in raiment, in decorations, and in equipage. But they are not wise in their generation, and speak without knowledge of the good economic result of these festivities in the way above indicated.

So at the horse show a lady of fashion does not always wear during the afternoon her best walking-dress. Not at all. At one of the afternoon exhibitions she wears her best walking-dress, but at the other exhibitions she wears other dresses equally good. But she is pretty certain not to wear the same dress twice during the week. And in the evenings she goes in dinner-dress, and then exhibits as many luxurious wraps as she happens to have. Men also put on as brave a front as they know how, but it is difficult to get up any great interest in the toggery of a man, save when he comes out in what is called the composite style of dressing, and mounts a high hat while wearing a coat without tails.

A visitor to the horse show must not make the mistake of believing that the people in the boxes are exclusively New York men and women. Such a supposition would be most erroneous. This is a national horse show, and it is not merely so in name; the people, too, are from the various parts of the country. New York quite naturally contributes the great majority of those present, just as the majority of the horses in the ring are from New York stables. But in the boxes, as in the ring, are representatives from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, Rochester, and forty other places besides. The Philadelphia contingent is both large and important. One who is a skilled and well-informed observer does not need to be acquainted with the persons in a group from the Quaker City to be able to place them. He can pick out the men, and the women, too, by their appearance in the first place, and then, if he hears them speak, by what they say and their manner of saying it. In appearance they are different from New-Yorkers, not only in dress, but in their way of carrying themselves. The Philadelphia man, no matter how fashionable he may be, has a domestic appearance—he looks as though he lived at home and liked it; and the Philadelphia woman, let her dresses come from Paris or wherever, still has something of the Quakeress about her—a *soupcou*, at least. Now, it must not be said that these characteristics detract from either the Philadelphia man or woman. Not at all; they do honor to them, who live in the most distinctively American town of any of the great cities. But when a visitor hears a group of Philadelphians speak, then their town is proclaimed to

him unmistakably. Their voices are as yet uninfluenced by a craze for an English accent and intonation. Philadelphia may be as slow as tradition has declared it to be, but it must be an awfully pleasant place to live in, for it is still American to the core—it is unaffected, it is neighborly. And there is something distinctive about the Bostonians also—a something indeed which may well be called distinguished, even though from the New York standpoint it may appear a trifle provincial. So it has come about that among the frequenters of the horse shows in Madison Square Garden the whole country is represented by those who make in its chief cities the fashions and the social laws. In such a place every student of life will find that which is intensely interesting, and those who go to admire and those who go to sneer will both find abundant employment.

As to the horses that are to be seen in the ring, it may be said that they will be more numerous than ever before, as the entries exceed those of any other year. This year thirteen hundred have been entered, and they embrace the very best animals in the country, leaving out those in training for running and trotting races. The tandem and four-in-hand rings, always very popular because the skill of the drivers enters largely into the success of the exhibition, will be quite full. This may also be said of the roadsters. It matters not how much we run after foreign models, there is always in every genuine American heart a very soft spot for the American trotter, the ideal roadster, the perfection of a buggy horse. There will be exhibited a splendid lot of such animals, both in single and double harness. Last year the winners in these roadster classes were so blood-like in appearance that there was scarcely one of them which would not have been mistaken for a runner in training had the harness been replaced by a saddle with a jockey in it. The saddle-horses, too, are numerous, and their continued popularity will tend to contradict the frequent statement that the bicycle fad is throwing the saddle-horse out of favor. The jumpers have always supplied the sensational feature to these shows. This year there will be more of these than ever, and as there has been much more hunting than usual this autumn, it is natural to expect that we shall see some splendid performers over the hurdles and the timber.

As a social parade and as an equine exhibition the eleventh horse show is likely to eclipse all of its predecessors. And when it is over, the season of 1895 may be said to have begun and to have brought with it the usual rewards and disappointments—those uncertainties of fate which add spice to life as it is lived.

## Flowers at the Vanderbilt Wedding.

THERE has never, perhaps, been a more magnificent floral display at any wedding in this city than that which marked the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding at St. Thomas's Church. The interior of the edifice resembled a great garden of flowers and plants of every hue and variety. Forests of tropical plants were grouped at either side of the tall Gothic windows of the chancel; a floral arch thirty feet high, Gothic in design, spanned the opening of the chancel rail, which was itself filled in with a trellis of lilies of the valley and ferns, the opening having two gates of white orchids, which closed after the officiating clergymen entered it. The alcoves at the north and south sides of the chancel, in which the two great church organs are placed, were filled with tropical plants, one row rising above the other to the tops of the organs, almost concealing the organ-pipes. Growing, apparently, among this wealth of foliage were white and pink chrysanthemums, which also decorated the front of the stalls facing the pews. An immense palm stood in the pulpit, which was hung also with baskets of orchids. From the Gothic dome of the church, rising ninety-five feet above the chancel, seven ropes of asparagus plumosa and white and pink chrysanthemums and lilies were stretched to the crown at the rear of the chancel, to the tops of the organ alcoves, to the north and south transepts, and to the ends of the galleries. The columns near the organs were decorated with vines of white and pink chrysanthemums, climbing up from a thick growth of tropical plants at the bases of the columns, while the columns supporting the galleries were wound with floral ropes. Pendant from the outer edge of the galleries, all around the church, were baskets of white, mauve, green, and pink orchids, suspended by ropes of asparagus plumosa.

One of the most unique effects was obtained by placing at irregular intervals, at the pew entrances of the main aisles, floral torches made of iron rods covered with asparagus in which roses were thickly entwined. The house decorations were on the same scale of regal magnificence as those here described.



## Prince of Entertainers.

(Continued from page 320.)

that men may, while laughing, think better of themselves and of one another.

Viewed as other than an optimistic humorist, the casual observer would be apt to say that nature had not been kind to Mr. Wilder; but this cannot be. Any man who has health and the saving grace of a sense of humor is most abundantly endowed; and if he also have energy he is apt to find that place in which lurks success. Success has been Mr. Wilder's portion in no uncommon degree, for now, at the age of thirty-six, after ten years' work as an "entertainer," he has achieved pre-eminence in his profession and laid by a store that makes him independent. He came from his native Rochester some fifteen years ago and entered an office in New York. He learned stenography with the idea that in such work he could earn his support. But the yeast which nature puts in every man of genius was working in him, and he learned that he could create laughter in others while laughing himself. So in a little while the "entertainer" was ready made, and he began putting his powers to the touch by appearing for fifty cents an evening. In a little while his quips and cranks were so much appreciated that he could charge five dollars for an evening of mimicry and anecdotes. Within a short time past the Baron Rothschild paid him fifty pounds for an evening's work. So it will be seen that Mr. Wilder has not wrapped his talents in a napkin and laid them by for safe-keeping. He makes the most of the gifts with which he has been endowed, both for himself and the rest of mankind.

Few men are more business-like in their methods than Mr. Wilder is in his. He not only plans out his days, but the months and the years that are ahead of him; and he keeps so full and correct an account of each day that he passes, that, by referring to an index, he can recall all the happenings of ten years past. While looking over these orderly little books I could not help thinking that Mr. Wilder on the witness-stand would be a match for the most savage cross-examiner at the Bar. He would be like the man who was asked how far he stood from the scene of the shooting. "Twenty-seven feet, nine inches and three-quarters," he answered, promptly. "How can you be so exact?" the questioning lawyer asked with a frown. "Oh, I thought some fool would ask me, so I measured it," was the calm reply.

For several years past Mr. Wilder has had a season in America and one in England. His home season lasts from September to May; the foreign season from May to August. We are so familiar with his work in this country that it probably will be best to devote what space remains to his ventures abroad. In London he is as well known as he is in New York—and that is saying a great deal, for it is likely that Mr. Wilder is as well known in New York as any other man in the metropolis. What is extremely odd, however, is how he managed to gain in England his great popularity; for the quality of his humor is essentially American in its subtlety, and it is a well-known fact that the generality of English fail to comprehend our fun until they have had a chance to turn it over in their minds and work it out as one would a geometrical problem. Mr. Wilder is too polite, or too politic, to make this comment on his English friends, but he admits that on one occasion after he had spun a yarn in a London drawing-room, and Madame Nordica was in the midst of a thrilling aria, a noble duke burst into a great laugh. The point of Mr. Wilder's story had just penetrated the ducal mind. But I have heard Mr. Wilder in London, and I think I know how he does it. He gives them a lead, as they say in the hunting field, and so they know where to jump—they know where to expect the point. Among those who have employed Mr. Wilder in England are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and several others of the royal family. This royal patronage has set the seal of fashionable approval on him, and each year he is more and more in demand in the English capital. Had he been merely a mimic, merely a story-teller, he could never have won such a success in London. But he is much more than this—he is a very clever and observant man, a close and careful student of human nature. He finds out very quickly the kinds of things each audience likes, and such things, from his almost exhaustless stock, he gives. In this way, however unpromising the beginning may be, the end is always brilliant.

His rooms in the Alpine flats are most interesting, the walls being covered with the photographs of celebrities, all personal friends of the little humorist. Out of the window hangs the American flag, at once an emblem of patriotism and a signal to his friends. "When the flag is out I am in; when I am out the flag is in." This, he says, is its message to those who pass along Broadway. PHILIP POINDEXTER.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Yale Foot-ball Team of 1895.

THERE is no reason to believe that Captain Thorne of the Yale team and his advisers will fail to pit against Princeton on November 23d, at Manhattan Field, New York City, a strong team, and quite up to the average of Yale elevens of the past who have fought and conquered. In view of the graduation of a majority of last year's team, notably Frank Hinkey, John Greenway, Stillman, Hickok, McCrear, Beard, Butterworth, Armstrong, and Adeo, this probable feat is worthy of more than passing comment.

The fact is that while most of the old men failed to return, they had all of them played a long time, some two, some three, and some four years. The tendency of this condition was to develop slowly yet surely a fine lot of "scrubs."

As instances of this, Harry Cross, who is the regular centre this year, played all of last season, without missing a day, against Stillman, which experience was invaluable to him at the start of the present season. Chadwick (guard), Rogers (tackle), and Bass (end) also had a rough time of it last year, but gained thereby much knowledge of the game.

"Clare" Fincke, at quarter-back, played the same position on the scrub last year, and learned so rapidly that he came, even then, within an ace of ousting George Adeo from the position. Thus Fincke began the present season under highly favorable conditions. De Witt, at half-back, has also been playing scrub and 'varsity off and on for three years, while Letton and Mills (backs) went through last season hardly missing a practice-day.

So we see that the loss of so many old men did not amount to so much after all. In fact, many Yale men who follow the sport closely, and the work of Yale players more closely still, think that it was well that such players as Beard, Hickok, and McCrear were graduated, and for the simple reason that all three had come to loathe the game, and had to be driven by the coaches like slaves in order to get good work out of them.

With an influx of men just eaten up with the desire to play as regulars on the team, an enthusiasm sprang up; a snap and dash was infused into the eleven, they (the coaches) thought—and rightly, too—that the Yale team would prosper. From present indications they are prospering, and prospering fast.

On account of Harvard's unwillingness to play foot-ball with Yale this year—because the old rupture exists between the latter and the University of Pennsylvania—and for the reason that Cornell does not want to arrange a game until Yale signifies a willingness to meet her on the water, Yale has but one big game this year, and that the annual one with Princeton.

That the boys in blue chafe under this sad condition of affairs is none the less true than that they will not let down one moment in their training, nor leave one stone unturned to meet Princeton in condition fit to battle for a kingdom. Yale's policy, so far as this game is concerned, will be undoubtedly to defeat Princeton by as large a score as grim determination and an object in so doing can make possible. The object, of course, is to invite a comparison of her work against Princeton with Harvard's against Princeton, and subsequently Harvard's against Pennsylvania.

It was Frank Hinkey's opinion recently, say a week ago, that the Yale team was stronger than his team last year at the same time, and there is no reason to believe that he has changed this opinion, inasmuch as, under his careful coaching, the team has improved almost daily.

Not only, according to Hinkey, is the team stronger in defensive play, but many times stronger in attack. From this statement the fact may be gleaned that their aggressive play is stronger than their defensive play, which is a condition over which congratulations should rule, inasmuch as the aggressive game has always been harder to acquire at Yale than defensive play.

The players who contribute the most yards to the sum total of those gained during a game are Captain Thorne and De Witt, half-backs, Jerrems or Letton at full-back, and Rogers at tackle. Thorne's running, from the very start of the season, has been of the star order, and his fierce, determined play, both through the line and around right end, has been the admiration of those fortunate enough to see him. Since the days of Terry no half-back at Yale has shown the fire and the dash of Thorne, combined with superb defensive play.

De Witt is not the consistent performer Thorne is, but he is good, nevertheless, for many yards during a game. His running of end and tackle is very strong, and he has yet to be thrown by

an opponent with heels toward the enemy's goal-line. When tackled, De Witt launches forward with the force of a catapult, thus adding his length to the run from the point of tackle. De Witt's defense is good and reliable, but on catching punts he shows a weakness which time and practice cannot seem to wholly eradicate. De Witt is compactly built and very strong. He should carve a fine name for himself on the gridiron at Manhattan Field.

Now one of the bright particular stars of the Yale team is young "Clare" Fincke, of whom we hear little, but who puts up a game which, for consistency, reliability, and coolness, is the best a Yale quarter has done since the days of Harry Beecher. In his position, from a down Fincke handles the ball with neatness, sureness, and dispatch; gets into the interference well, and takes advantage of every opportunity for going through the line for a tackle or to topple over an interference. In the back field, when the ball is sailing toward him on high, he catches with accuracy, and effects a return play by run or kick equal to any half- or full-back playing to-day.

But there are other qualifications which a star quarter-back must have, and these show in Fincke in his generalship in directing the play, and a natural ability to "size up" an unexpected situation on the moment, and then start the kind of play to best meet it successfully. Fincke is in direct line for the highest honors on the gridiron this fall, and when he shall have become a senior he will be found in the coveted birth of captain.

Murphy at right tackle is the veteran of the line men; also—when in condition—the star of the line. But good condition seems to be something very hard for Murphy to attain. He is so constituted as to give a trainer the greatest bother, and tangle the mind of the captain whether to give him more work or less work—more grub or special grub, and so forth. Murphy has been able to do little so far this year, though Trainer Mike Murphy has confidence in his ability to bring his man around fit and well by November 23d. Murphy has had a great deal of experience in the position, and at all times plays a reliable and heady game. The Yale line would be sadly weakened by his loss.

Neither Letton nor Mills is doing the work which one would have naturally looked for in view of their training last year. For Letton, poor condition may excuse indifferent and mediocre play, but Mills, in good physical condition, seems unable to play a progressive game. Letton played a small part of the Harvard game last year, and showed up so well that many were the predictions favorable to him for brilliant play this year. Perhaps Letton may turn out all right. Certainly improved condition will help him.

Harry Cross at centre is destined to put up a strong game, hardly second to Stillman. His aggressive work is fine, his activity much greater than Stillman's, and he is much more muscular. Cross is unquestionably a coming man. If the same good things could be said of the men trying for guard positions, the Yale centre trio would be a trio indeed. But neither Chadwick, nor "Pa" Cross, nor Sheldon, nor Longacre are stars; neither do they approach such a happy state. Still, it is the opinion of the coaches that Chadwick will finally turn out as good as, or better than, McCrear, and either of the other three but a shade worse than Hickok.

Louis Hinkey and Bass at end are good, and render Yale's ends strong, though not so much so as last year. Rogers at tackle has the good will of the coaches, who mean to keep the blonde-headed man from Andover Academy at tackle right along, and just make him play the position. In running with the ball Rogers shows up in form similar to that which distinguished "Wallie" Winter's tackle of two years ago.

Thus from a casual inspection we see that Yale is all right, as the saying goes, and that Princeton will have a tough nut to crack in their final game of the season.

#### ENTHUSIASM ON THE WANE.

Although numbers of students formerly went to the Yale field daily to see the team practice, it is easy to note a lack of the former spirit of enthusiasm. This condition of the undergraduate's mind is due undoubtedly to the fact that there will be no meeting with Harvard this year. The Springfield game was, to a majority of students, as well as to alumni scattered all over the country, the game of the year.

*W. F. Bull*

### Mrs. Georgia Powers-Carhart.

THE distinction which Mrs. Georgia Powers-Carhart, whose portrait is given herewith, is achieving as a vocalist and elocutionist, is due



MRS. GEORGIA POWERS-CARHART.

both to eminent talent and the force of a charming personality. Her first success as a singer was scored in Kansas City, where she has resided for some years. Since then she has appeared in several of our principal cities, and in every instance has won the popular favor by her excellent execution and attractive style. Her voice is of the mezzo-soprano order, has a wonderful range, and is remarkable for its sympathetic quality and sweetness.

### Good News for Asthmatics.

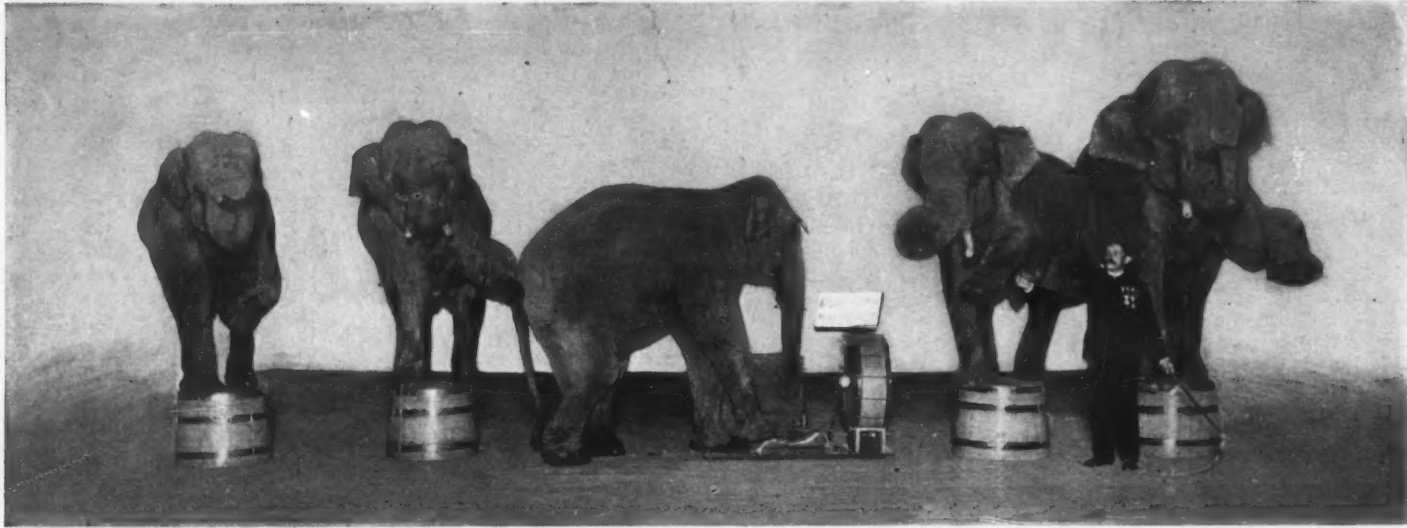
WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. At before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE





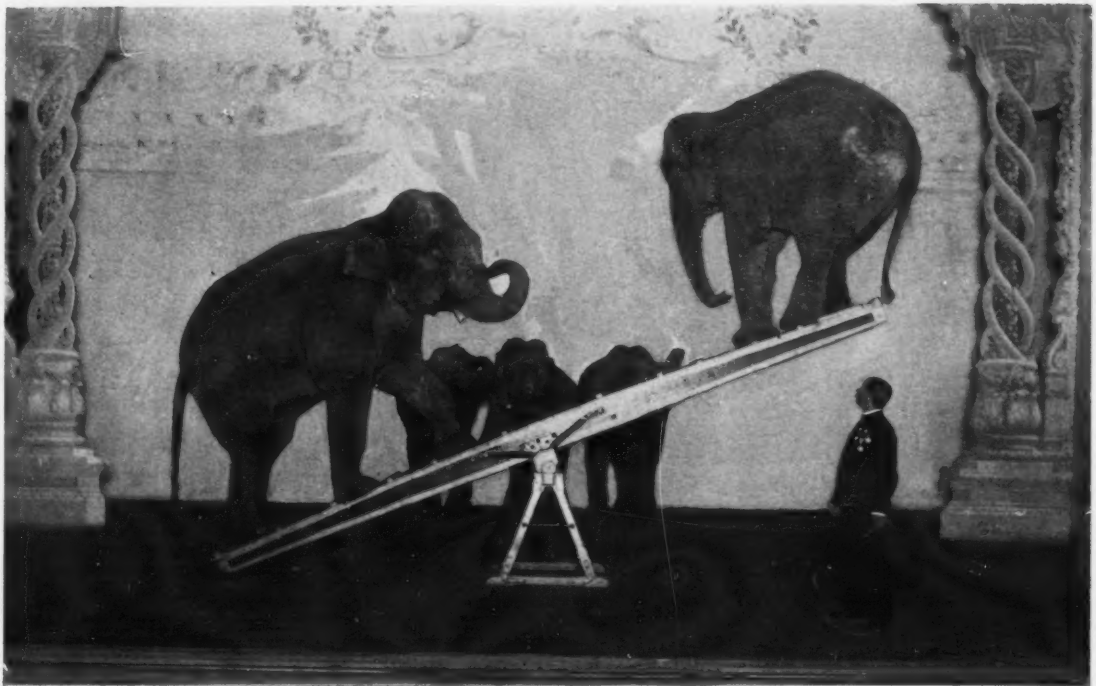
DANCING TO THE HAND-ORGAN.

### Performing Elephants.

EVER since we had amusements of the circus order, performing elephants have been a popular feature of such entertainments. What feats they did in ancient times we can learn from the old chroniclers. And in the old days the elephants did things that were regarded as wonderful. But it is not likely that such things would either amuse or interest an ordinary concert-hall audience of this *fin de siècle* time. Now we wish to be thrilled or to be made to laugh. And the elephants that we see on the concert-hall stage easily make us laugh. There is something inherently humorous in the gambols of these huge beasts, and besides this there can be no doubt that some elephants have a well-developed sense of humor and appreciate the fun that they provoke. Of trained elephants seen in New York, there has never been a more accomplished company than that recently appearing at Koster & Bial's. Mr. Sam Lockhart, the trainer, has five amazingly intelligent beasts to begin with, and



MARSHALL P. WILDER.



THE SEE-SAW ACT.

LOCKHART'S TRAINED ELEPHANTS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

he has developed their powers by patience and kindness, and by a systematic and invariable method of rewarding obedience and punishing stupidity. Elephants naturally are great feeders, and gourmands at that. Stopping off supplies and varying the quality of the food are potent arguments with them. Such methods have enabled Mr. Lockhart to teach his five elephants to do things with a neatness and dispatch that put to shame the ordinary trained monsters of the traveling circus. They even enact a little comedy with much finish and effect. These elephants won applause and secured favor at Koster & Bial's during many weeks. This means a great deal, for at this place of entertainment visitors have long been accustomed to see nothing less than the best; therefore second-rate things fall with a flatness which effectually mashes the mere pretenders who happen, by hook or by crook, to get a hearing.

### Prince of Entertainers and Entertainer of Princes.

AMONG those who are a part of the fashionable society of any of the great cities of England and America the merry little man who was called by Mr. Cleveland "the prince of entertainers" is well and most gratefully known. It has been my good fortune to see and hear him under very various circumstances. I have heard him in drawing-rooms both in New York and London; I have seen him on the professional stage where great actors and singers strove for the applause of the audience; I have met him in Bohemian gatherings and at what are called "club smokers," and I have seen him appear before an audience composed almost entirely of capitalists, millionaires, and busy business men. In all of these various places he was always the same, yet always different. He was always the same because he was ever the personification of merriment; he was always different because he never appeared to provoke laughter in exactly the same way that he did before. To be sure, I have heard him tell the same story several times, but it was never quite the same story, as he always seems to add something to his little pieces or to take something from them so as to make them entirely appropriate for the occasion.

It must not be understood that Mr. Marshall P. Wilder—every one, of course, recognized at the outset that none but he could have earned such a title from the President of the United States—needs to take anything away from any of his stories to fit them for ears polite, for he has no tale, no joke in his repertoire, which could not be told with entire propriety in either a ladies' boudoir or in a church. He is so much of a gentleman in mind and heart that it would be impossible for him to either harbor or give currency to nastiness. He is, therefore, as chaste in his anecdotes as Charles Lamb was in his essays, and he is droll beyond comparison. And he is the most confirmed and persistent optimist in public life to-day, making the best of everything, thinking the best of everybody, and believing with all his heart and soul in the hopeful idea that there is something good in every human being and an immense preponderance of good in the great human family. This mine of good, he maintains, can be explored and disclosed through the channel of innocent fun, and it is his business in life to so open up this mine

(Continued on page 319.)



THE LIBRARY OF MARSHALL P. WILDER, "THE PRINCE OF ENTERTAINERS."





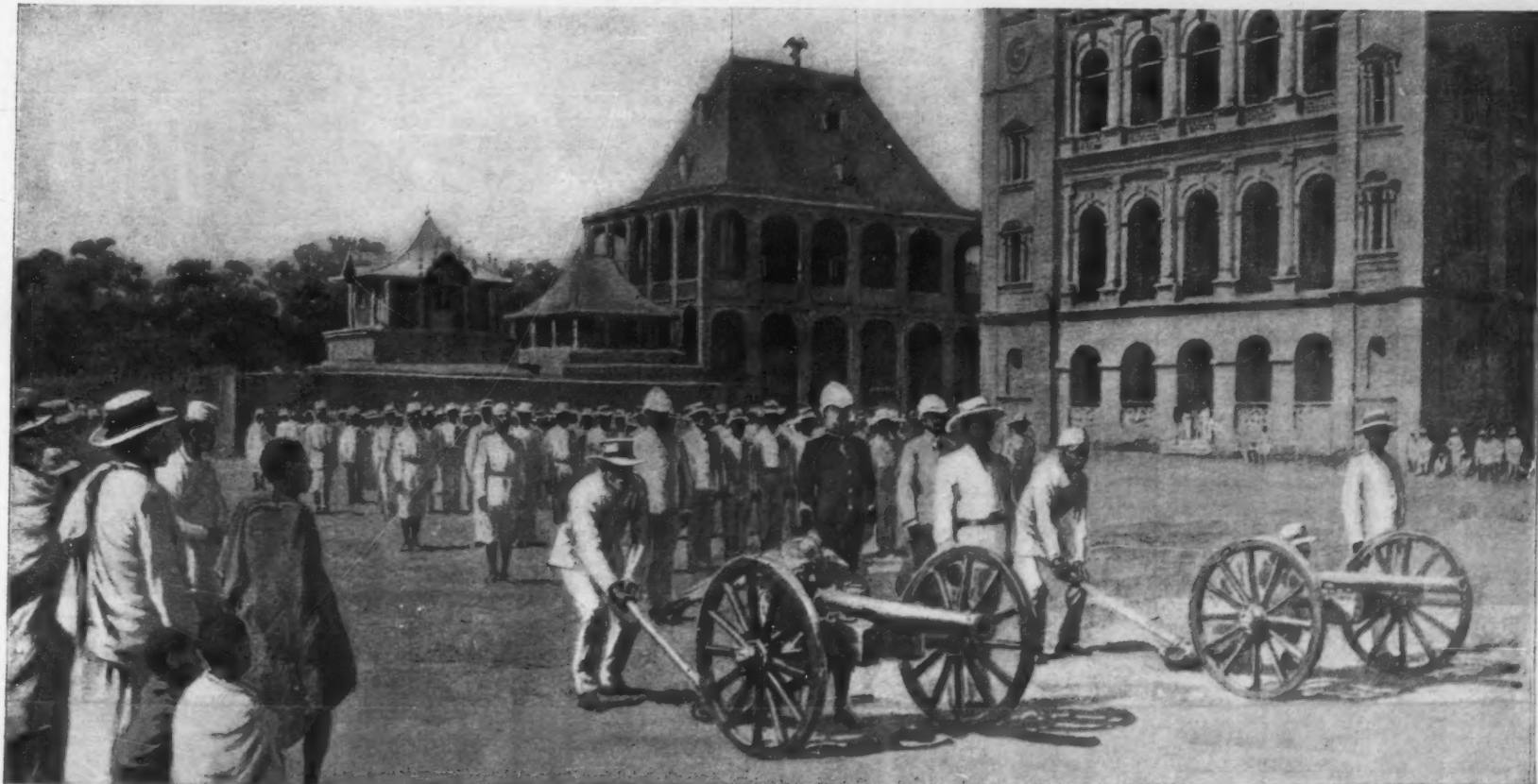
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "JULIET," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.  
*The Sketch.*



A GOLD FIND IN BULUWAYO.



THE "KAFFIR" SPECULATION—SEARCHING TABLES AT THE DE BEERS DIAMOND-MINES, KIMBERLEY.—*The Sketch.*



Tombs of the Kluge.

Silver Palace.

Queen's Palace.

THE RECENT WAR IN MADAGASCAR—DRILLING HOVA ARTILLERY IN FRONT OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.—*London Graphic.*



THE RHINOCEROS AT THE LONDON "ZOO" TAKES HIS MORNING BATH.—*The Sketch.*



# A MEMORIAL QUILT.

CLOVERTOP—"Yer see that quilt, young man? Marthy Ann made it out of ragged pieces of pants."

Chappeigh—"Aw, may I ask where you got so many fine samples of twousersings?"

Clovertop—"Oh, Tige got 'em. He captured 'em from fellers what come ter see my darter Mary Ellen."—*Judge.*

ENGLAND probably wants to unite the Powers of Europe against the Monroe doctrine. So much the more the necessity for taking that Bull promptly by the horns.—*Judge.*

# THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS, ALSO FISHING, OF THE SOUTH.

UNDER the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book appertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

This, in fact, comprises nearly the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines.

The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Leffugwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

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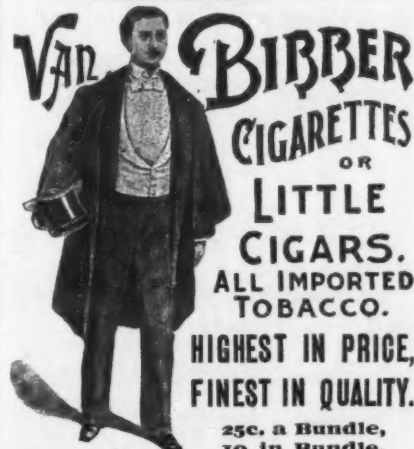


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